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PRUSSIAN POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY by Westel  
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THE VOCATIONAL RE-EDUCATION OF MAIMED  
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Moncheur and Elizabeth Kemper Parrott.  
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## Coming Shows

"Turn to the Right," the melodrama of  
village belles and city tricksters which cap-  
tivated St. Louis playgoers last season, will  
return to the American theatre Sunday night.  
Last year it was played by the Chicago com-  
pany. Principals of the New York cast to  
be seen in the coming presentation are Ruth  
Chester, famous as the originator of *Mother  
Boscom*, maker of the magic peach jam; Ed-  
gar Nelson as *Sammy Martin*, the country  
boy; Al Sincoff as the pawnshop proprietor,  
and Dewitt Newing as *Dynamite Gilly*. Mike  
Donlin, the former baseball star, has been  
added to the cast as *Slippery Muggs*, the  
pickpocket. Others in the supporting com-  
pany are Chester Morris, Rexford Burnett,  
Charles W. Goodrich, James H. Huntley,  
Alice Carroll, Cecil Dwight, Maude Fox, and  
Rita Ross.

\* \* \*

Another favorite of last season—Bayard  
Veiller's dramatic mystery, "The Thirteenth  
Chair"—will play at the Shubert-Jefferson  
next week beginning Sunday night. *Rosalie  
La Grange*, the old medium who is the prin-  
cipal character of the story, produces "spirit  
rapping," lifts a table from the floor simply  
by passing her hands over it, and furnishes  
a number of samples of her ability to startle  
and disconcert. During the course of the  
play she also explains the perfectly natural  
methods by which each of these tricks (with  
one exception) is performed; but the table  
lifting she does not explain. "The Thirteenth  
Chair" is a fine performance and will give  
anyone a thrill.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Hoffman in a series of dances  
and impersonations, with special stage set-  
tings and an augmented orchestra, will head  
the Orpheum bill next week. In the vernacu-  
lar the vehicle would be called a "single"  
because Miss Hoffman is the only person  
who appears on the stage, but in every other  
respect it is a production. Other numbers  
will be Gladys Clark and Henry Bergman in  
an elaborate song skit called "A Ray of Sun-  
shine"; Wellington Cross, the musical com-  
edy favorite, will sing songs and tell stories;  
James J. Morton with a special feature act  
which he calls "An Animated Program";  
Joseph Bennett and Edward Richards in a  
dramatic sensation, "Dark Clouds"; Nick  
Basil and Dick Allen in a novelty comedy  
offering, "Recruiting"; Losovo and Gilmore  
in songs and dances; Ruby Troupe in a day  
in a Spanish camp; and the world's news  
told in pictures.

\* \* \*

Hilda Bertin, Franz Marie Lloyd, Alfretta  
Symonds, Virginia Irwin, Margaret Shane  
and Bertha Collins will be the principal  
feminine entertainers in Fred Irwin's Big  
Show which will open at the Gayety theatre  
for a week's engagement at the Sunday  
matinee. In addition to these fair leaders in  
the frolic entitled "Let 'Em Off," there will  
be a large company of singing and dancing  
girls of the type usually seen in the Irwin  
shows. The organization also carries six  
clever comedians and there will be vaude-  
ville specialties by Wainwright and Bertin,  
Wong and Luley, and others.

\* \* \*

"Petticoats and Pearls," described as "a  
naughetical musical comedy entertainment,"  
will be the principal attraction at the Colum-  
bia next week. Other numbers will be the  
Melroy sisters in a singing and dancing  
offering; Bertie Herron, minstrel favorite;  
the three Mori brothers, Japanese magicians;  
and B. I. Cycle in bicycle surprises. The  
feature picture will be Madge Kennedy in  
"Day Dreams," written for her by Cosmo  
Hamilton. There will be several other films,  
including the Columbia Weekly, the Pathé  
Review and some comedies.

\* \* \*

The leading feature of the Grand Opera  
House bill next week will be Charles Ahearn,  
the tramp, and his big company, presenting  
"At the High Life Cabaret." Others num-  
bers will be "The Unfair Sex," a comedy  
playlet staged by Maggie LeClair and com-  
pany; Alfred Guest and Victoria Newlyn,  
English comedians; Christie and Bennett, two  
boys from Virginia; the Hudson sisters;  
Maidie DeLong, character comedienne;  
Artois brothers, bar comiques; Billy Goelet  
with banjo, songs and stories; Morale's "Toy  
Shop," a canine novelty; the Animated  
Weekly, Mutt and Jeff, and Sunshine com-  
edies; and the Burton Holmes travelogue.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

## CONTENTS

LET'S HONOR THE BURGLARS: By William Marion Reedy .....	72
REFLECTIONS: Gov. Gardner's Home Rule in Taxation—Amnesty—Poisoning the Wells—The Non-Partisan League Comes—The Allies' Debts to Us—The Cure for Bolshevism—About the Farmer—Prohibition May Be Blocked—Blue for Compulsory Service—Fred Howe's Vindication—A Parley with Parsifal—The Only Way—Wilsonian Opportunism. By William Marion Reedy.....	72
DEFINITIONS: By O. M.....	74
RANDOM READING: Eminent Victorians. By William Marion Reedy.....	74
OPPORTUNISM AT VERSAILLES: By Harold Lord Varney .....	74
GROUND HOGS.....	76
OCCASIONAL OBSERVATIONS: V.—Hair Powder and Permanent Peace. By Horace Flack.....	76
AMERICAN OPINION: Third Installment. By Frank Putnam .....	77
LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE: The C. O's and Army Morale—A Bone-Dry World Next—The Rhymes in Horace—St. Jerome and Horace—The Jobbing of Mooney—Who Knows this Wicked Poem?—For a Choate Biography.....	78
THE KAISER'S BARBER: By Lord Dunsany.....	81
MARTS AND MONEY.....	82
NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.....	Inside Front Cover
COMING SHOWS.....	Inside Front Cover

## Let's Honor the Burglars

By William Marion Reedy

ALL the defences of the mayor's act in signing a compromise with the United Railways validating a franchise, that can be legally validated only by the Board of Aldermen, are sufficiently answered by referring the defenders to the *burglars*. Such a compromise was passed by the Board of Aldermen, at the company's request. A petition for a referendum of the ordinance was sufficiently signed. A few days before the date on which the petitions had to be filed with the election officers, the safe in which the petitions were stored was drilled and the petitions stolen. In three days the petitions for submission of the compromise to popular vote were again sufficiently signed and the ordinance had to be submitted. The trail of the *burglars* led direct to the United Railways offices. Then the company refused to accept the ordinance. There was then no need of a referendum. The compromise lay *perdu* until, after secret conference with United Railway officials, the mayor withdrew the city's suit over an expired franchise, with intent to validate all other franchises shortly to expire, and thus cleared the company's title, enabling it to borrow more money to go on, while it professes that it can't possibly meet its fixed charges. Mayor Kiel secured nothing for the city in the compromise. The company agreed to pay the accrued mill tax per passenger, but the United States Supreme Court had decided the tax was valid and had to be paid. Mayor Kiel secured no agreement by the company to provide better service. Mayor Kiel got nothing; he gave away everything he could give away. He says he did it to save the company from bankruptcy. Now the company says it can't make money on six-cent fares, raised in defiance of ordinance contract from five cents. Therefore the company wants to charge a seven-cent fare, and doubts that even such a fare will pull it out of the hole. Indeed the company doubts that it can pay the mill tax. It may go broke, but it will have a fine cleared franchise to gather in under a reorganization after the bankruptcy, which neither Mayor Kiel nor the *burglars* could avert. The mayor acted outside of and beyond his authority and in dark lantern fashion. If things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, as Euclid says, then the mayor's action is *flat burglary*.

All the pragmatists of local big business, whose interests are identical with those of the United Railways company, say the mayor did well in settling a long controversy, in unclouding the company's franchise, in getting the mill tax—which the highest court had assured the city and which the company intimates it may not be able to pay, as "you can't get blood out of a turnip." Does the end justify the means? If so, why don't the indorsers of the mayor raise a fund in appreciation of the efforts of the *burglars*? Ah, but the *burglars* failed, you'll say. Pough! "Not failure but low aim is crime." Those opponents of the recall of the mayor should vote a grand reception and testimonial to the *burglars*. They should have the *burglars* up on the platform with the mayor and read to them all resolutions of respect, confidence and approval, quoting the confessions of the cracksmen and of the company's agents who paid the *burglars* to skip town, as evidence of what they were willing to do for the city's good. Let us not recall the mayor, but let us recall the *burglars* from their far-flung hiding places, and do them honor with oratory, sackbut and psal-

tery. If the good men and some few women whose letters indorsing the mayor's action have been printed in the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Times* want to do the fair thing they should write letters also applauding and approving the *burglars*. Those "labor leaders" who approve the compromise should stand by the members of the *burglars'* union, who failed where Mayor Kiel succeeded. Why not a grand mass meeting to crown the *burglars* with bay and laurel? That's the way to offset the movement to oust Mayor Kiel for malfeasance in office. The recall movement can only secure signers in the "slums," according to the *Times*. Our best and most prominent citizens must assert themselves against the "slums." Let them gather in a multitude like unto the sands of the sea in number and sing lauds while the mayor himself crowns the *burglars*, whom fate frustrated in their glorious attempt to do what the mayor has done.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Gov. Gardner's Home Rule in Taxation

GOVERNOR GARDNER, of Missouri, abandons his effort to secure taxation of property at its actual value in cash. The tax commission will be abolished. The governor gives up the general property tax. It is a failure. He would get the taxes from incomes, franchises, inheritances, corporations, soft drinks, mortgages, weights and measures and slot machines. Why? Because most of these taxes would come from the cities. A bad reason, though there is no objection to a tax on *earned* incomes, or upon mortgages. Strictly speaking, corporations should not be taxed, or franchises either. The latter should pay for themselves in service. The inheritance tax is fair also, so long as the inheritance is not one of control of the labor of others. Weights and measures should not be taxed. Nor should soft drinks. Slot machines should be taxed only to tax them out of existence.

The governor would separate the sources of state and local revenues. That means home rule in taxation. A city or county could, if it would, put all taxes on land values, exempting taxes on personal property and improvements. The state would renounce all taxes on lands, banks, railroads, personality, etc. The counties could tax such things. As opinion now stands the counties would go light on land values and heavy on the others. The railroads should be taxed on their land values. Personality should not be taxed at all. The thing that should be taxed is the community-created values. They are in land exclusively. Still no one can find fault with home rule in taxation. As a practical matter state taxes on incomes and inheritances will draw heavily upon the privately appropriated "unearned increment."

Home rule in taxation would get rid of the problem of equalization. Each county would tax itself for its needs, regardless of other counties. In time the people would learn what to tax and what to exempt. They would find that exemptions would attract population and business—if the exemptions were of industry. Incomes, franchises and inheritances are now taxed.

Income taxes will be increased, but there will be exemptions as to some incomes. The governor would make the state exemption the same as the federal government, namely \$2000 for a married



man and \$200 additional for each child, and \$1000 for an unmarried man, and the rate he suggests is two per cent. The governor cites an example of the working of his income tax plan upon the poor man. A married man with three children whose income from work is \$2600 a year would pay nothing. If his income was \$4000 he would pay only \$28 annually. This sounds well, but a man with such an income should not be taxed at all, because he earns it, whereas in the case of the big incomes, the money is earned by others and chiefly by all the people.

Governor Gardner would reduce the exemptions under the inheritance tax, which is not strictly proper, because there are inheritances and inheritances; some that should be heavily taxed and some not at all. An inheritance that is a claim upon the labor of others should be taxed. Harlan E. Read would practically abolish all inheritances, but that would tend, the theologians say, with much apparent truth, to the abolition of the family. We should distinguish in the matter of inheritance taxes.

Still, the governor is not going in for taxation *sub specie aeternitatis*. He is going as far as he thinks the people will go with him. He is not trying to be strictly a scientific tax economist, it must be said that in some respects he is headed in the right direction—especially in the matter of popular control of and self-determination in taxation. A flaw in his plan is that it may be and probably will be a means of permitting land values to escape taxation. The counties will go after money in bank, corporations, personalty and they will be easy as to land values. At least they will be so for a time. But home rule in taxation must inevitably bring about the incidence of taxation in the proper place—on the wealth the community creates, not on the wealth the individual creates by his industry.

♦♦

#### Amnesty

A MAN and woman, pacifists, convicted of conspiracy to murder Premier Lloyd-George, have been pardoned in England. Here we are still keeping men and women in jail for mere opinion and talk in opposition to the war. It is time for an amnesty to all our political prisoners. President Wilson should proclaim it before he starts for home.

♦♦

#### Poisoning the Wells

FRANCIS J. Heney has his faults, mostly temperamental, to be sure, but he's "got" the packers' trust dead to rights in their work of influencing public opinion by financing newspapers in Texas and elsewhere and by giving advertisements to the papers generally. The advertisements lied, as when they said the profits of packers were but two per cent, when in fact they were twelve per cent. I printed an advertising concern's letter last week showing how the matter of getting editorial support is contrived by the placers of the advertising of those who want such support by poisoning the wells of information. I reprint the letter here:

Heyworth Building, Chicago.

Publisher Bugle (fictitious):

We are desirous of having a report in regard to the co-operation extended by you during Swift & Co.'s recent advertising campaign, which has expired or is about to expire.

It will be to your advantage to let us have a reply at once. It is of the utmost importance that you give this your immediate attention.

(Signed) STACK ADVERTISING AGENCY,  
January, 1919. C. B. P.

The popular demand will shortly be more insistent for government ownership of the packing industry than for control of the railroads. The packers seem to have been on the inside of the food administration and to have worked it for their own benefit. They had advance information upon everything and the information could have come only

from the very highest quarters. All this information enabled them to wolf the cattle producers and the meat consumers simultaneously, while their advertisements gagged editorial writers, blue penciled reportorial copy and fooled the public on falsified facts. This is the sort of thing that makes Bolsheviks while the senate resolves to stamp them out.

♦♦

#### The Non-Partisan League Comes

"It is not on the further side of the Atlantic alone," says the *New York Nation*, "that radical political and economic experiments of uncommon interest and significance are under way." The Non-Partisan League, a farmers' organization, has control of both houses of the North Dakota legislature and it is pushing its programme. The league elected Governor Frazier. It is said he balked at some of the proposals, but the leaders had a private session with him and he stays in line for the programme—and the United States senatorship. At the late election North Dakota adopted a constitutional amendment empowering the legislature to exempt from taxation improvements on farm property. (Loud cheers from single taxers!) The *New York Times* says that the legislature has under consideration a measure which not only makes such exemption, but also exempts from taxation improvements on city property up to \$2,500 in value, provided the total value of such improvements does not exceed \$3,500. If their value exceeds that amount, the owner must pay tax on the entire property. The *Nation* summarizes the Non-Partisan League programme further. "In order to render land speculation unprofitable, it is likewise proposed to assess idle land, along with railways and public utilities, at one hundred per cent. of actual value, while land under crops will be assessed at only fifty per cent. There is under consideration a plan to create an industrial commission of three members—the governor, the attorney general and the commissioner of agriculture and labor—which will be authorized to conduct and operate any and all industrial enterprises that the state may establish. It will appoint, and may remove with or without cause at any time, the head of the state bank and the director of the elevator and milling enterprises which it is proposed to establish. The state bank scheme is central to the whole undertaking. It is to be established with a capital of \$2,000,000, to be raised by the issuance of state bonds. All public moneys, including \$25,000,000 annually collected in taxes, as well as other funds held by the state school and university land fund, are to be held in the state bank, and it is also hoped to bring into it some \$40,000,000 now held by state banks as reserves in Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. Terminal elevators and flour mills are to be established under the direct jurisdiction of the state industrial commission, the governor being the actual directing head of the whole system. A plan for extensive state operation of the lignite mines is also under consideration." The leaguers expect to put all this through before adjournment on February 10th. They are resting up meanwhile on organization, though still planning. One of their plans is to invade Missouri with a force of about seven hundred men with Fords to line up the farmers and the city workers. These colporteurs of the cause are being instructed in propaganda, in a school in Minneapolis. They will get the best farmers and small business men in the organization on a payment of \$16 per year. That's the way they got the men and the votes to sweep North Dakota. They will have a paper here as they have there. They can't get in here in time to participate in the election of a successor to United States Senator Spencer, but they will be in the fight when Senator Reed runs for another term. By that time there may be a branch of the newly organized Union Labor party in this state, though the St. Louis labor "gang" is against it, because the gang "has a good thing" here, raking off plums from both Democrats and Republicans. The Non-Partisan League and the new

Labor party will pull together and split up both the old parties. Missouri farmers will be a hard job, judging by the way they swat the single tax and the land bank proposal every time they have a chance, but maybe the North Dakota farmers can educate the Missourians. Think of such a legislative programme as North Dakota's in Missouri! Won't it give the old-line, flatulent, parrot-pattering Missouri politicians a shock?

♦♦

#### The Allies' Debts to Us

INTEREST payments upon the indebtedness of the allies to the United States—\$10,000,000,000—is \$500,000,000 per year. This can't be paid in gold, because the total production of gold outside the United States is not quite \$400,000,000. The other countries, crippled by war, cannot produce things in sufficient volume to pay in goods. Our production and export must for long overbalance theirs. Another way in which the allies can pay is in securities. Bankers, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, hold that this country should purchase the obligations of the debtor nations. The debtor nations should be given long term loans. This would be an extension of their credit. Since 1914 this country has bought back \$3,000,000,000 of our securities that were held abroad. With industry reviving there should be no difficulty in purchasing the obligations for \$10,000,000,000. By extending long term credits we would help the debtors to capital and supplies. We can't do business with "broke" peoples any more than one can do business with a vacant lot. I take it that this programme would be a good thing for the bankers, too. Nations don't do business as nations. The business is done by individuals or corporations. Would it be a good thing to allow a few individuals to get too strong a grip upon the country? We know who will eventually hold all the evidences of indebtedness, and how people of their kind may use such possession. The finance problem of the League of Nations has not yet been adequately stated, much less grappled with.

♦♦

#### The Cure for Bolshevism

BOLSHEVISM! Some people are almost in a panic lest we have it here. There's a way to prevent its coming—indeed there are several ways. Provide work for the rapidly increasing number of the workless. Stop the prosecution of people for the expression of opinions at variance with those of the majority. Grant amnesty to all political offenders. Choke off all the fanatic proscriptionists, blot out those lists of pro-German suspects. Secretary of War Baker is on the right track in this respect. He's for peace and pardon here at home. We won't have any Bolshevism if we wipe out all forms of Russian-like oppression here. Work, food and freedom of speech are the tripartite antidote to Bolshevism.

♦♦

DIRECTOR GENERAL OF RAILROADS HINES is right; the railroads should be operated as now until some programme can be framed as to their final status, and five years is about time enough to develop the programme.

♦♦

NOBODY thinks the United States is going broke, but Liberty bonds are low. Who's "bearing" them to get them out of the possession of the people? Can't a government protect its own obligations?

♦♦

#### About the Farmer

OUR farmers, we are told, object to daylight saving by setting the clock ahead. What's the answer? Why, the same old answer: exempt the farmers from compliance with the regulation. The farmer is the favorite son. Whenever and wherever there is any exemption going, the farmer is Johnny-on-the-spot. And the politician provides the soft spot. Yet strange to say, independent farming declines and tenant farming increases and the farmer is not prosperous, generally speaking. There's something wrong when the favored farmer profits so little by the



favors shown him by the politician. Can it be the railroads, the owners of elevators, the middle men who are doing up the farmer in spite of all that is done for him by the politicians? Maybe it is landlordism that afflicts him. The farmer should look into the land question. There he may find what ails him economically. He may find that not political favor but economic justice in the cure for his troubles. Protecting him on his wheat will cost the remainder of us billions and will eventually boomerang him.



#### Prohibition May Be Blocked

PROHIBITION is in the constitution, but it is not in the federal statutes yet. To enforce it a law will be needed like that Force bill once designed to give the federal government control of elections, that the negro might be assured of his vote. That Force bill was beaten. Will the people stand for more centralization? Will the south accept another Force bill to keep whiskey away from the negro, when it would not stand for one to get him to the polls and to have his vote counted? Will other states submit to coercion into "concurrent" action in prohibition enforcement by the federal government? I doubt that the states will surrender their sovereignty with much readiness. National prohibition is still far, very far from being an accomplished fact. There's a lot of trouble ahead for it.



#### Blue for Compulsory Service

IF WE judge by the enthusiasm of our boys for getting out of the army, when the war is over, there is not going to be a very strong demand on congressmen from the folks back home in favor of universal compulsory military service. We laughed at Mr. William Jennings Bryan when he said that in the time of the country's need, we could raise an army of five million men over night, but the experience during the late war proved he was pretty nearly right. That we conscribed men doesn't matter. The ready acceptance of conscription, the absence of extensive opposition or resistance, rather sustains his contention. A standing army of 500,000 men seems to be about as much as the country will stand for. As for the big navy programme, it appears to be chiefly a demonstration that if there isn't going to be a league of nations and a very considerable disarmament, we can arm more extensively than any other nation and do it quicker, now that we have our plants started and well equipped. The President's "secret message" says, in effect, "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we've got the men, we've got the guns, we've got the money, too." Still this is not a military nation, when there's no fight on. If you don't believe it, ask our returned fighters and listen to the voice of the fighters abroad who don't like police duty. But a navy? If navies are to be, we'll have the biggest and the best, and we won't be caught napping.



#### Fred Howe's Vindication

SELDOM is an author so justified by the event as has been Mr. Frederic C. Howe by the action of the peace conference in the preliminaries to the League of Nations. For just as his book, "The Only Possible Peace," came from the house of Scribner, the conference agreed to do in great part just what he said it should do to put an end to war. Mr. Howe has written the simplest, clearest description and analysis of financial imperialism and an elucidation of how it caused the war, that I have seen. It makes a fine, swift, thrilling, dramatic story. You may have known the story before, but you won't, for that reason, find any lack of interest in this sparkling re-telling of it. Mr. Howe shows Germany's method of commercial aggrandizement in the clearest fashion. Its economic policy was linked up with its military policy. It had the world

in its financial and commercial grasp—and threw it away August 1, 1914. Mr. Howe covers much land and sea, but brings his demonstration to culmination in his chapters dealing with the Bagdad railway—the route to the East that the Paynim held so firmly that Columbus sought the Indies by way of the west. Germany sought to control the route and cut Great Britain off from Egypt and India. Incidentally France's empire *outré mer* was imperilled too. Mr. Howe makes you see it all. And what is his conclusion? It is that we shall have this war over again, as we have had wars from the beginning of recorded history for this pathway between east and west. We shall have it all over again, unless first we neutralize or internationalize the Mediterranean. You will find his plan summarized on page 193 of his book. Smashing Germany has freed the Mediterranean—but only of Germany. It remains a British lake. But here is his plan: The territory internationalized should include: (1) the Balkan states, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia and Mesopotamia; (2) the Bagdad railway from Austria-Hungary to the Persian gulf; (3) the Mediterranean waterways from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean; the Adriatic, Black sea, the straits of Gibraltar, the Suez canal, the Dardanelles; (4) the harbors of Constantinople, Saloniki, Smyrna, Trieste, Alexandretta, Bosra and other strategic ports to be open to all the world. The latest news from the conference is that this programme will be carried out in large part. Enough of it will be done to show that all of it should be done. It is easy to see that Mr. Howe is as fervent a free trader as Cobden. He holds war to be, nowadays, economic. The old dynastic causes of war have passed away. He would have the small nations left economically free. Small nations have in the past and will again give the world many of its greatest and best things. Mr. Howe would have internationalism set up the new freedom in Africa and the islands of the Pacific, the open door everywhere, no spheres of influence, no preferential tariffs, no protection save of backward peoples against oppression. No more international high finance, like that of the Germans. And Mr. Howe would supplant diplomacy by publicity. The people should be told what is going on between nations and the bankers of nations. Mr. Howe's is a Wilsonian book *pur sang*, except that it goes somewhat beyond Wilson, as you will note if you read it carefully. Mr. Howe sees imperialism as the supreme expression of the desire for "monopoly, privilege, exclusive possession." Shall those things be abolished in internationalized small states and permitted to flourish in the great nations? To what does "monopoly, privilege, exclusive possession" simmer down? Ensuing Mr. Howe's idea, of what use to the world are free seas alone? How about free land? Isn't all "monopoly, privilege, exclusive possession" bottomed upon the monopoly of land and its resources? Is not that the secret of all exploitation of countries and peoples? It's too bad that Mr. Howe didn't say this right out in the final chapter that he did not write. But he leads the percipient reader to where he can see the point—or, as we Georgians say, "the cat."



#### A Parley with Parsifal

SOMEONE signing himself "Parsifal" sends me a copy of Dr. William J. Robinson's book, "Sex-Knowledge for Men" (The Critic and Guide Co., 12 Mt. Morris Park West, New York) with a request for my "opinion of its effect upon the morals of the young." I find the book wholly unobjectionable in the matter of the form of presentation of the knowledge Dr. Robinson sets forth. I learned a good deal from it myself, and that valuable. There is nothing in the book that I would think of describing as an inducement or incitement to immorality—nothing, that is, except a paragraph in the first chapter, and that will be excepted to by most theologians. The paragraph is this: "The sex instinct in Man differs from the sex instinct in animals not

only in quantity, *i. e.*, intensity, but also in quality; the difference is not only one of degree, but also of kind. In the animal the instinct exists practically only for the purpose of procreation, for the perpetuation of the species; in Man it has a much higher value, much broader significance. Besides serving to perpetuate the race, it has a high individual and social value. For it is the basis of Love, which plays a paramount role in the psychic development of the individual and in the establishment and development of society. To maintain that the sex instinct in Man is for the purpose of procreation only, is to belittle it, to vulgarize it, and to show a complete failure to grasp the psyche of modern man and woman." Moral philosophers will deny that the sex instinct has any other purpose than procreation. They will maintain that Dr. Robinson begs the question in saying that this instinct is the basis of Love and plays an important part in the psychic development of the individual and in the establishment and development of society. Granted that the instinct, as instinct, does this, these critics will say that the exercise of the instinct or its gratification for purposes other than procreative is a debasement of the instinct or even a perversion. They will maintain man rises above instinct to reason that must control instinct and direct it to its purpose. Moralists will aver that the deduction from Dr. Robinson's statement is pure hedonism, that it justifies mere pleasure, that it is a plea for the permissibility of sexual promiscuity. But Dr. Robinson says no such thing. What he says is true of the instinct. What the book as a whole demonstrates is the danger of unconditional surrender to the instinct and of promiscuity, though, writing as a physician, he is concerned solely and pragmatically with physiology and pathology and not with "sin." He is writing about the body and the mind without regard to a social institution, or, if you will, a sacrament, like marriage, and of course there's no denying that the procreative instinct existed before the institution of marriage and continues to function and flourish outside of the marriage bond. I doubt if Dr. Robinson's book can hurt anyone. I believe it will help many in ways that moral philosophers and theologians cannot but approve. If "Sex-Knowledge for Men" shocks "Parsifal," his virtue has degenerated into prurience.



#### The Only Way

How is the League of Nations going to remove the likelihood of war, with whatever machinery, if it does nothing to remove the prime cause of war—tariffs? Note the British and French and Italian embargoes against a long list of goods and materials which have aroused the fear and anger of our United States protectionists. There cannot be any security against war so great as absolute free trade.



#### Wilsonian Opportunism

AN ARTICLE by Mr. Harold Lord Varney, in this issue, "Opportunism at Versailles," presents the somewhat precipitate opinion of the radical pacifist perfectionists in opposition to the at present vaguely formulated proposals of the peace conference for a League of Nations. You can get the other opposition to the programme in the utterances of Senators Lodge, Poindexter, Reed and others, who repudiate it because of its Utopianism. But these are confuted by the President's secret telegram to Secretary Daniels demanding the three-year naval programme from congress as support of his peace plan. Which goes to show again that the essence of statesmanship that would accomplish anything is compromise. Mr. Wilson's head may be in the clouds, but his feet are on the earth. He speaks softly, but holds something up his sleeve. For my part, granting that internationalism is desired, I don't see how nationalism is to be destroyed by the peace conference. The world hasn't yet made ready for the world-state.



## Definitions

By O. M.

**T**HERE would be no disputation in the world if people could agree on the definition of terms.

We need a new dictionary brought into conformity with the spirit of the times. Here are a few suggestions towards the lexicographical necessities of the situation:

**EXPERT:** An expert is a man who is capable of deducing from any state of facts arguments adequate to sustain a pre-conceived hypothesis.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA:** A compendium of exact information on all subjects—except those with which we are familiar.

**TRUTH:** The hypothesis which correlates the largest number of observed phenomena.

**WISDOM:** The product of a thorough mastication and digestion of a mixed diet of experience and information.

**FAITH:** The acceptance of a hypothesis because the adoption of the antithesis would be intolerable.

**DOCTRINAIRE:** One who has not learned the inherent conflict between logic and human nature.

**FANATIC:** A man whose enthusiasms do not coincide with our own.

**COMPROMISE:** An excuse for treachery.

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## Random Reading

By William Marion Reedy

*Eminent Victorians*

**H**ERE'S a book that is a delight and an exasperation—"Eminent Victorians," by Lytton Strachey (Putnam's, New York). It is a delight because it is so scintillatingly written. Strachey has style. It is a polished style soaked in polite venom. The book is an exasperation; it is so brilliantly unfair. Strachey takes the eminences and vivisections them for their littlenesses. They were solemn persons, also stodgy. He makes them ridiculous. They were pious; he makes them almost hypocrites. You catch yourself enjoying the exposure and then you revolt at the evident intention to make the worthies absurd. But you read on fascinated.

First, there is Cardinal Manning. Strachey's Manning is a selfish schemer, a man using piety for ambition. His father having failed in business, that closed the path of political preferment, so he turned to heavenly preferment. He became a curate and married. His wife died. Though for a time he went to her grave to write his sermons, the bereavement faded and later in life he counted her loss among God's special mercies to him. He destroyed every record of his married life and when he heard his wife's grave was falling into ruin he said: "It is best so; let it be. Time effaces all things." Cold though he was, Manning was a mystic too, and the Oxford movement caught him up and swept him on to his destiny—but, according to Strachey, destiny was subtly and dexterously organized by Manning. Withal he was a practical man. Today we would call him an "uplifter." He was interested in improving education, sought reform in the operation of the Poor Laws and discussed the employment of women. To the end he never lost those interests. We see him working with John Burns in the great dock strike and he approved of Stead's exposure of "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon." The record of his inspections reveals him as possessed by the old theology of hell-fire. The devil was very real to him and that devil's bait for him was worldly success. Strachey implies that there was in this "the pride that apes humility." Strachey insinuates that Manning was baited into Rome by prospect of preferment, that he perverted for a promised place, for he was a personage—a cousin of Bishop Wilberforce and a friend of Gladstone, whom Strachey makes

out a rather portentous prig, and faker, too. According to Strachey, Manning made life miserable for Cardinal Wiseman, plotting against him, making himself the bigger man in the public's and Rome's eyes. Later poor Cardinal Newman was afraid of Manning, especially when Manning purred friendly upon him. As for Newman, Strachey recalls that he wished in youth he could believe in the Arabian Nights, and had his wish granted as a man. So Strachey sneers at what others call spirituality. Mr. Strachey writes with the smart malevolence of the jejune agnostic about all his eminent Victorians. Strachey would have it that a Monsignor Talbot in Rome was the man who fixed it by wire pulling that Manning should get the hat, and Manning had never a kindly remembrance for Talbot, who died insane. Strachey sneeringly insinuates this might have been retributive justice. So it goes. Every little thing against the saintly conception of Manning is played up by Strachey. And none of them is new; they are all to be found, though in proper proportion and place, in Purcell's "Life." But Strachey cannot help it. That's his theory of history concerning the Victorians of whom we "know too much." But what can you expect of a writer who holds that "ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance which simplifies and clarifies, which selects and omits, with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art." The Victorians have been done with a copiousness that would submerge the industry of Ranke and cause to quail the perspicacity of Gibbon. Strachey's method is less direct, his strategy subtler, for his historian "will attack his subject in unexpected places; he will fall upon the flank or rear; he will shoot a sudden revealing searchlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined. He will row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen from these far depths to be examined with a careful curiosity." Egad, Mr. Lytton Strachey is a sort of Freud and Jung, a psychoanalyst, and his subjects excite in him evidently, a kind of ambivalence—a loving hatred and a hating love which combine into something like simple nastiness. He can never see anything in the grandest cathedral but Burns' louse on a lady's bonnet. Surely he can't see himself, clever as he is.

Let us take him on Florence Nightingale. Oh, yes, she's the Lady with the Lamp, the soldiers in Crimean hospitals kissed her shadow as it passed, she nerved the soldiers to face the ghastliest operations. She fought ossified officialism until it had to make concession to humanity. Strachey admits this, but tries to make you forget it in his portrait of her as an intractable daughter, as a shrew, a pest, a fiend with an obsession of nursing. She was bitter in her devotion—as if the incompetency of those who obstructed her were not enough to make her bitter. We gather that she wore the life out of poor Sidney Herbert. She drove the war office mad with her sarcastic importunities. Strachey shows her as subduing Arthur Hugh Clough to mere bundle wrapping—Clough the poet, the *Typhoid* of "The Scholar Gypsy." And Strachey remarks of Froude and Clough that they underwent "an experience more distressing in those days than it has since become; they lost their faith." There's the sneer that is the touchstone of Strachey's spirit. Again he records his "impression that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty in her clutches too, and that if He is not careful she will kill Him with overwork." And Strachey cannot keep his irony out of his tenderness for Miss Nightingale when she was finally recognized even by the Queen, when she became an exegetist. There is truth in Strachey's picture, but it is not the whole truth, not the larger truth.

Equally cynical is our historian essayist on Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. Arnold is a solemn, siccant, religionistic pedagogue—hardly more. His learning is made little of, and so is his capacity for good fellowship. He was small because he wanted

"to make his pupils Christian gentlemen" and he lives only as "the founder of the worship of athletics and the worship of good form." This Strachey-an Arnold is simply a monotonous-minded monster of Victorian complacency and conventionalism. There is no showing of Arnold the devoted educationist, who gave his life to the English schools, nothing of Arnold the historian, nothing of his splendid style. Arnold is whittled down by Strachey to Strachey's own size. And the description of Arnold's closing days is the mordant jocosity of a half-drunken grave-robber. Strachey doesn't paint anybody "warts and all," but only all warts. O, these young lions of the press, to whom irreverence is brilliance, to whom the highest art is distortion!

Strachey on Chinese Gordon is at his maleficent best, most untrammelled. Of course Gordon was an inspired madman who did a great service for England—against England's definite will. We all knew that and how Gladstone played fox with him. But what impression does Strachey leave us of Gordon? We are supposed to remember him at besieged Khartoum "seated at a table upon which were an open Bible and a bottle of brandy," and coming forth trippingly in the morning eager for breakfast and a b. and s. Gordon was a theologian too; his worst fault in Strachey's eyes. But there's a fine description of Gordon's end. Gladstone is dealt with as a jealous trickster whose speeches were wonderful because they said nothing. Lord Hartington is described with sardonic cleverness as the comfort of the British, because "they could always be absolutely certain that he would never, in any circumstances, be either brilliant, or subtle, or surprising, or impassioned or profound. As they sat listening to his speeches, in which considerations of stolid plainness succeeded one another with complete flatness, they felt, involved in and supported by the colossal tedium, that their confidence was finally assured." And what was the net result of Gordon's sacrifice? "It all ended very happily in a glorious slaughter of twenty thousand Arabs, a vast addition to the British empire, and a step in the peerage for Sir Evelyn Baring."

Men, even great men, are a little breed, to men of little, if clever, minds. Even a Manning can be to some people only this: "highly efficient as a gleaner of souls—and of souls who moved in the best society." But there are others who remember his devotion to the striking dockmen. And as for Manning outsubtling Newman, who was more subtle than Newman? Strachey finds in all his subjects what he looks for—more, sometimes, than is actually there. Strachey apparently would scrap the past. All wisdom is of today. We have cut loose from Victorian things. It is not enough for him to say that we should not accept things because our fathers accepted them. No; because our father accepted things we should reject them. But for all that Strachey has written a book that you cannot leave off reading, for it has grace in expression, irony, humor, satire and here and there a bit of pathos. He has not, in his felinuric fashion, dethroned these eminent Victorians, but he has given any lover of good writing and vivid characterization—or caricaturization—a feast to fill out the evenings of half a week.

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## Opportunism at Versailles

By Harold Lord Varney

**"N**OTHING has ever lost so many opportunities as opportunism," says Mr. Chesterton. And it is grimly true. Our social failures have come from omissions rather than from mistakes. If man has stumbled sometimes through his rashness, he has fallen many more times through his timidities. Utopianism has, at least, the virtue of positiveness: it has a fighting chance of success. But opportunism with its quavering fearsomeness



is a negative creed; it abandons its goal before it begins its battle.

We smile at the fable of the foolish boy who sought for the pot of gold in the rainbow. And yet—was he foolish? True, he did not find the gold, but did he not reach the higher, that his goal was a rainbow, than had his goal been the attainable roof-ledge?

In politics, opportunism has ever been the dead and paralyzing hand. Lenin in Russia may not accomplish a social revolution, but he will at least accomplish more than Miliukoff, who did not even attempt it. Wilson at Versailles may not achieve universal peace, but he will go further on the road than Clemenceau, who does not believe that peace can be brought. The flaw of opportunism is visual: fearing to see too far, it envisages far too little. It sets up an ideal of smallness: it prefers to remain a pigmy for fear that it may become a giant.

But there is one situation in life where statesmen forget to be opportunistic. In the positive and constructive tasks of every-day statecraft they shiver with inviolable traditions. But let a war arise—an insane, blighting, destructive war—and all the palsy of opportunism drops from them. They utter strange Utopianisms. They embark upon wild seas of experiment. They speak the language of miracles and they attempt impossibilities. All the rich inhibited domain of self-sacrifice and youthful dauntlessness is drafted into the fight. "Practical" men cease to be practical. Precedents are scrapped.

But end the war. Return to the real, unglamoured duties of peace and the spell is lifted. Opportunism once more eclipses the spirit of adventure.

This is the paradox of history. Social action is an invert. When its aim is negative and destructive, it surpasses itself—it works miracles. When its field is progress and construction, it withers into a sordid, fearsome opportunism.

We see a startling confirmation of this paradox at Versailles. A few weeks past, while war was still raging, the chancelleries of our allied nations were mouthpieces of idealism. They projected millennial goals for the outcome of the struggle, and the atmosphere was warm with the imminence of universal peace and a world federation of a League of Nations. Peoples were transcending themselves and even the most "practical" citizens were solidly mobilized in tasks of unprecedented self-sacrifice. But now, with a gap of only two months of peace behind us, we see this spirit evaporating. Diplomats no longer plead for millenia; they have substituted a program of "territorial guarantees." Practical men are no longer sacrificing themselves for the common weal; they are clamoring irately for "normal business conditions." The League of Nations is no longer a synonym for universal peace; in its latest form, it is to be an armed alliance of the allied powers—a sort of international "big brother movement" which is to be the "guardian" for other peoples. And the pitiful handful at Versailles, who still reiterate the slogans of the war-times, are fast falling into the retreat, back to the good old opportunism.

Possibly upon the issue of the League of Nations the reaction is most startlingly disclosed. In the necromancy of the neo-opportunism, the League has ceased to be a League, in the moment of its acceptance. Of course a League will be formed. Its name has been too widely bruited during the war times to admit of rejection now. Even Clemenceau, frank believer in the balance of power, has grudgingly indorsed the League. But this means nothing. All is not gold that glitters, nor is a League made a league by dubbing it so. Under the guise of a League of Nations reaction can perpetuate itself with adroit ease. And the disastrous fact is facing us that, in the Congress at Versailles, it is reaction which is in the saddle.

The utterances of the envoys give emphasis to our fears. Vague and amorphous though our concept

of a League of Nations has been, a certain irreducible minimum has been expected from it.

1st: That it would irrevocably end war.

2nd: That it would establish a world-state which would give representation to all peoples.

3rd: That it would create equality of economic opportunity between all nations.

4th: That it would safeguard nationality by internationalizing the self-determination of peoples. Upon these rather mild proposals, the better integrated minds of liberalism have been united.

But, as the launching of the League draws near, our program dwindles. One by one the hopes which it engendered are being denied. A peace in the spirit of opportunism is being conceived. A pallid League of Nations emerges from the farce.

The least which we might ask for is a league to guarantee the end of war. Such a hope was never questioned in the wracking days of the struggle. But our "practical" diplomats have now abandoned it. Neither in the program of M. Bourgeoise nor in that of Lord Robert Cecil do we find provisions for war's abolition. On the contrary, war is legalized by both. The Cecil plan divides all controversies into two types: the one will be arbitrated by the League and enforced; the other will be licensed as "non-justiciable." Nations can battle to extinction providing only that their war springs from a dissension which is "non-justiciable." And while the Bourgeoise plan in its first draft avoids such a fatuous check, it provides that each nation shall preserve its jurisdiction over foreign inter-relations and retain its military organs, and it bars from the League a group of other nations, who will perforce continue the traditions of war in sheer protection against the League.

The envoys are quite frank in their denials. Thus, Lord Robert Cecil in the outline of his plan, ignores the problem of war abolition. He argues that his scheme will "limit" war. It would insure, at least, he promises, "that any future war will be reduced to single disputes—that is, there will never be another war like the present one." And all the legislation at Versailles is being done upon the assumption that wars we will have always with us.

On the second object we are also doomed to defeat. Those of us who have believed that a League of Nations implied the death of war, pinned our faith on the instrumentality of a world-state. A new international power must be erected—great enough to be respected by the nations. To this international power all nations must make one surrender—the surrender of their sovereignty over foreign and international decisions. In the world field the League would be supreme and, unlike the feeble Hague tribunal, its edicts would have armies to enforce them.

Naturally such a world-state could not be an alliance of a few favored powers. It must be a confederation of the world. It must contain every people, however noxious. It must create a parliament in which the peoples of every nation will have representation. This parliament would enact the international law. The League tribunals would render the unappealable decisions. The League army and navy would over-awe recalcitrant states to submission. Such was the edifice we envisaged.

How different this from the projects of Versailles! Our "practical" men spurn the prospect of a world-state. They shrink from the surrender of even the most minor advantage of their national sovereignty. Great Britain clings to her navy. France insists that her army shall remain her own. In our own country, Mr. Taft has warned us that we must preserve our Monroe doctrine. And Mr. David Jayne Hill, in a recent hectic article, calls the people, in the name of liberty, to fight a League of Nations which will threaten the protective tariff.

Could political vision be more fatally myopic? Could opportunism be more deadlly? Standing in the gloom of a world-war which has slaughtered ten million lives, peace becomes a lasting possibility at the price of a reciprocal sacrifice. And yet, so

lightly do our opportunists weigh the horrors of world warfare that they choose to hold a tariff rather than to gain a guaranty of peace.

But a world-state is not a world-state unless all nations are admitted. With horror in their voices our opportunists aver that this they will never do. "Can you imagine us going into a League which shall include Germany?" Mr. Lodge recently questioned with fine scorn. "Do you suppose we will meet with Bolshevist Russia?" asks Mr. Pichon. And, significantly, the plans at Versailles all fall far short of internationalism. Not all nations, but only those who conform to rigid tests, shall enter this League. Russia is to be barred because she is Socialist; Germany because she is beaten. The five great powers composing the present allies will meet and draft a league which will perpetuate their economic and territorial dominance. The other nations shall be asked to enter, then, after the advantages of entrance have been exhausted. Such is the British plan, and every day the demand grows with greater insistence for a league which shall contain only the present allies.

Of course, to such a league, the *status quo ante* would be preferable. Conceding to popular feeling an honest rage at Germany—an honest distrust of Russia—shall we relinquish to blind sentiment an arbitrament so stupendously vital? Nothing is so evanescent as sentiment; on the other hand, nothing is more lasting than the havoc which it can produce. We are faced by a crisis which calls for iron logic. A world league, with Germany and Russia, will perpetuate peace. A league which excludes them will be but an alliance for new wars. Within a league Germany and Russia would become innocuous. Outside the league they remain a growing, mighty nucleus of resentment. In such a problem do we really have a choice? Sentiment, before such facts, becomes irrelevant. Can we believe then that those "practical" diplomats who fail to admit this inexorable duty are sincere in their efforts to achieve a League of Nations?

And our third program—international equality—is, of course, unthinkable to those archaic ones who balk at the preceding. For equality would exact a sacrifice of all the bulwarks which privilege has made traditional. And yet, equality is the sole guarantee that can insure the peace of mankind.

The war has taught us naught, if we have not learned that the deepest roots of conflict are economic inequalities. The world today is, primarily, a vast going concern of businesses. Under the political exterior the essentially economic nature of government is explicit. Foreign relations and foreign wars have in the past been but antennae of this economic dominance. Why have nations clashed? For privileges and economic expansion. Why have men fought? For markets and for spheres of influence. True, the slogans have been abstractions—Liberty, Democracy, Civilization, *Kultur*. But behind the scenes of every conflict have been unseen and gigantic stakes: a Suez canal, a Kimberly diamond field, a Manchurian empire, a *Mitteuropa* to Baghdad.

The very condition of life to every mature capitalist nation is economic expansion. In colonies and in undeveloped wastes—in India, China and Timbuctoo—the economic pathfinders of the nations pursue the golden fleece. And, since colonies cannot increase illimitably, since waterways and rivers are soon appropriated, since the resources of Africa, Asia and South America eventually exhaust themselves, traders and nations begin to crowd each other. Clashes result and rivalries harden into war.

In this race for markets opportunities are vastly unequal. Those nations which first attained nationality entered the struggle earliest and appropriated the choicest fields. They fortified themselves in strategic fastnesses: at Suez, at Gibraltar, at Panama, at the Dardenelles, at Singapore, at Kiaou Chiaoou and Hong Kong and Port Arthur. They became



the tribute-takers of the race and the rising nationalities found themselves in a world already expropriated. Expansion impinged upon imperialism and the world became an armed camp of armies; the seas a parade ground of swaggering Armadas.

In such a sinister atmosphere peace is only possible by economic equality. The advantages which buttress older nations should be internationalized. We are building a League of Nations in the hope that its powers may end war. Then let us give to this League the suzerainty over those danger zones where wars are bred. The colonies and the undeveloped lands should no longer be the spoil of nations. Let us surrender to a League of Nations these bulwarks of our far-flung economic empires.

Here again we have a program which, though drastic in appearance, is both logical and just. We wish to insure ourselves against warfare. Well—the League of Nations is the policy, our empires and our colonies are the premium, which we must pay. To enjoy the insurance without the payment of its cost is, of course, beyond absurdity. And yet, it is just that absurdity which is being projected by our “practical” diplomats who would build a League of Nations and yet clutch all those national entrenchments, without which the League will be but a sorry jest.

The cure for imperialism is to melt our dissonant empires into one *imperium* where all are equally represented. It will require a mutual surrender; it will repay us by a reciprocal well-being. The United States must surrender its Panama canal, Great Britain must relinquish Suez and Singapore and Gibraltar, Germany its Kiel canal, Turkey its Dardanelles, Japan its Port Arthur. The seas must be internationalized. Tariffs must be abolished. Zones of influence in tropical countries must be relinquished. Protectorates over barbarous peoples must be lodged in the League. Great Britain must no longer garrison India, Egypt and Persia; Germany and Belgium must leave Central Africa; Japan must abandon Korea; France its Cochin China and its African domains; our own country its dominion in the Philippines. This, and no less than this, is equality. This is the price which we must pay.

But in paying this price, are we not the gainers? What comfort can the pride of national dominion bring us to repay the hideous horrors of unceasing war? And what economic sacrifice will there be in a plan which gives to every nation an equality in every market? If Japan's capital invades the Philippines, cannot ours likewise find a profit in Korea and Manchuria? If France no longer is alone in Algeria and Tunis, will she not find the rich opportunities of India before her? And even temporary disparagement will be offset by the tremendous economic saving when parasitic armies and navies need no longer be supported. Equality is the only system under which there are no losers. Those who quibble at such equality desire either to enter the League unfairly, with their special privileges unabridged, or else to doom the League entirely by limiting its jurisdiction to inconsequential powers. Can we impute good faith to those who approach even a League of Nations in the spirit of *Realpolitik*?

Upon the fourth object of a League of Nations—the self-determination of peoples—our older statesmen at Versailles are equally remote from the ideal. Self-determination has become a phrase—accepted by all, analyzed by a few. Otherwise its meaning would never have been so fatally confused with the parallel phrase of democracy. During four years we have averred that we fought for democracy. In the following breath we have cried for self-determination. And yet the one is a contradiction of the other. For if it be self-determination that we ask for every race, can we prescribe that democracy shall be the sole regime which nations are permitted to determine?

And, moreover, what is democracy? Are not its definitions endless; its applications manifold? A

nation may be democratic industrially though politically absolutist. Are we to limit democracy to the peculiar parliamentary form? Russia's Soviets claim to be democracy and of a purer type than ours. Many advanced thinkers deny that in our republics we have attained democracy at all. And we ourselves can hardly escape a feeling of disquiet when we see those sterling men of the people—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Root, Admiral Kolchak and Prince Lvoff—tripping in sweet harmony down the “democratic” road. Their brands of democracy have long been on exhibition.

But on this issue of self-determination, Mr. Balfour has already spoken: “It is folly to suppose that the world can be quickly turned into a series of free states with free institutions like the United States. I think that the League ought to act as trustee of those countries that have not yet reached the state at which true democracy can be applied.”

The League of Nations is to be a guardian for undemocratic nations. An acceptable plan. But now our papers are filled with the startling news that Austria-Hungary, Russia, Turkey and probably Germany are to be among those “uncivilized” nations so guarded. And under the plausible plan we read its significance: the League is to be a perpetuation of the *entente* and all other nations must bow to its control. Such, if Mr. Balfour dominates Versailles, will be the self-determination of peoples.

The self-determination which we should seek is equalitarianism. It will leave to every nation the arbitrament of its own political life. And wisely so. What matters it to us if other nations worship Yoshi Hito, son of the sun; obey Nicolai Lenin in a dictatorship of the proletariat; or perhaps wage incessant civil wars as in Hayti or San Domingo? If their foreign affairs be surrendered to a democratic League of Nations their internal government will impinge only upon themselves. And thus would a genuine League of Nations bridge this disparity of governments. It would not attempt to remove our differences; it would isolate each one within its national limits and bar it from aggression. It would provide a representative international parliament in which each doctrine of government would find peaceful exposition. Do those who would have us go crusading to impose democracy by force trust so little in their philosophy that they doubt its final victory in the forum of such a parliament?

That any part of this, our program, can now be realized is tragically doubtful. It is one of history's grim jests that a “people's war” is to be settled by those who do not believe that the people should rule. A war for democracy ends in a peace congress of *Realpolitik* Tories. A League of Nations is being formed by those whose parties have condemned it. And as the daily whispers reach us from behind the closed doors of that conference, we note with a pang how our ideal has shrivelled. The vision of peace and equality dims into a nightmare wraith of spoliation. We are back again in the mad, “practical” world, where reason has abdicated and where lusts are unchained. The League of Nations which we hoped for will not come. It has gone into limbo to join that legion of lost causes which came as ideals and which vanished in a sordid economic scramble.

And yet, though now unattainable, it will remain as our ideal. It epitomizes our social urges. It has drawn to itself the floating dreams of the age. And born as it was, in the travail of the people, its origin gives it destiny. It has been the great goal of the war—the perfect thing which lay beyond the blood-drenched fields. And now that peace has come, shall its hope be quenched?

And so the problem leads us back again to the old tale of the futility of opportunism. In its hands the fruits of the war are turning into ashes. It shivers before destiny. Our “practical” men are creating a world of impractical madness. Our opportunists at Versailles are wrecking the sublimest opportunity of the ages.

## Ground Hogs

Lines read at the St. Louis Artists' Guild, February 1, 1919.

SINCE 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre  
And sang what hogs the Greeks could be,  
The Muses Nine have loved to inspire  
The nature faker—same as me.

Since Jonah gave his travelogues,  
Entitled “Inside Facts on Whales”;  
From Aristophane's Frogs  
To Clark McAdams' ducks and quails;

From Eve's description of the snake,  
To evening gowns diaphanous,  
All friends of Art for Art's own sake,  
Are nature fakers—same as us.

Let purists pule and realists rail  
And woodsmen wonder—Art, forsooth,  
Has learned what wags the dog—the tail—  
The fiction truer than the truth.

And so tonight we celebrate  
The day when nature, all agog,  
Submits old, hoary winter's fate  
To one old, sage, well-grounded hog.

Some years ago *We* lived in caves  
And slew our dinners as they ran,  
With sharpened flints attached to staves.  
And then the ground-hog cult began.

For, when the sun was bright, we saw  
A Portent sliding at our heels  
And felt the dim, religious awe  
Of shadows that the ground-hog feels.

Which feeling grew and earned a name  
And won respect, until the beast  
That typifies it best became  
Conservatism's primal priest.

His love of cool, sequestered grotts,  
His fear of sun are still profound.  
The leopard cannot change his spots;  
The ground-hog cannot change his ground.

Tile, helmet, mortar-board and crown  
Have changed his head but not his soul.  
He cannot live the Cave Man down;  
He doubts the spring and trusts the hole.

He bids a nation bide its time,  
Forcing its Chief to watch and wait,  
With helpless hand, till cosmic crime  
Is hammering at the very gate.

Since “Woodchuck” is his other name,  
When armies move at his behest,  
He vindicates his ancient claim  
To chuck his wood as suits him best.

He sways a senate like a Reed  
And, since the cave man loved to fight,  
He balks a world's despairing need  
For peace and union in the right.

He steers a town on wabbling Keel  
And, in the darkness of his hole,  
He consummates a careful deal  
To raise the home-bound workman's toll.

By Fitz and starts he draws cartoons  
Of what he calls the people's rights  
To spend their substance in saloons  
And leave their wives alone o' nights.

Tomorrow's sunlight, should it shine,  
Will see him bid the Spring be lame;  
But at his best, he yields to Time,  
And Spring will happen, just the same.

GUILDER.

♦♦♦♦

## Occasional Observations

By Horace Flack

V.—HAIR POWDER AND “PERMANENT PEACE.”

WISHING to get back into the Eighteenth century, I have just bought a newspaper of April 29, 1797. I did not make choice of the date. Beginning with about 1750, I take Eighteenth century dates as they come whenever an Eighteenth century paper comes in reach, from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, or London. In 1750 and until the mails grew very irregular in 1775, it makes little difference



whether you begin at Richmond on the south, or Boston on the north. Everything leads to London at last. But it is from Philadelphia that I usually start for Eighteenth century London. The number of acquaintances I have in Eighteenth century Philadelphia might surprise some, and the extent and variety of their London connections prior to and even after 1775 has not ceased to surprise me, even yet, as I trace them from the Crown and Anchor in London, where my Philadelphia connections usually send me.

To find what my American acquaintances were doing after the Revolutionary war, I have paid several visits to Eighteenth century London. On one of these visits, I found the children of Benedict Arnold comfortably provided for and educated by American taxpayers, who were paying them interest on the American war bonds in which a highly intelligent Pennsylvania kinsman of "Lady Arnold" had invested for the benefit of the Arnold heirs. This suggests how many interesting and often surprising things you may learn in the Eighteenth century, if for any reason you wish to escape into it from your own. The escape is easy and it grows easier with practice. Old letters and manuscripts may help a good deal, but to see real life, we must start from the first page of the first newspaper we find from the city we wish to visit.

I had never visited London on April 29, 1797. The first page of the London *Chronicle* of that date took me there at once. It was filled with advertisements as usual, but they were nearly all unusual advertisements. My favorite London painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, was dead, as I had heard, but one of his executors was announcing the publication of the first edition of his collected works. And among other things most unusual, there was something unheard of advertised in the matter of the hair-powder with which Sir Joshua always sprinkled the hair of his angelic, ethereal, virgin beauties.

What an art Sir Joshua had in discovering the celestial in human nature! It made him immortal.

If any one is born in the Twentieth century with the qualities of soul and mind Reynolds puts in the face of Burke, and they are "staying qualities," this will certainly be a different world. But celestial qualities as seen by Reynolds may not be staying qualities. Do you remember the sonnet I wrote to the Reynolds' beauty with the white doves? I hope not. For after being moved to the soul by her spiritual and supernal charm, I found too late that her past had been the jest of every coffee house in London before my arrival at the Crown and Anchor.

Her hair was powdered in the best Reynolds style, but it was her soul I thought I had discovered in her face. Of that I will say no more, hastening to discover why, on April 29, 1797, no London lady could get hair powder without a permit from the Hair Powder Commissioners,—J. Bretwell, Sec.,—said permit requiring a stamp of the value of £1 1sh.

Such a thing was unheard of in London as I knew it. But London as I knew it had gone out of existence. It had been turned bottom upwards, as the whole world seemed to be. This I learned from the editor of the *Chronicle*, who explained everything, though he had only five columns to do it in.

There was no longer the least doubt that his Britannic Majesty and their other Majesties had made a complete failure in their attempts to "restore law and order" in France. Only a few months before, French Republicans had "executed" the King. The French Republic was now being attacked on all sides by His Britannic Majesty, his Prussian Majesty, his Austrian Majesty and their other Majesties, with his Britannic Majesty expected to meet all deficits in "British gold." Hence, his Britannic Majesty was taxing everything and everybody to the last limit,—except, as the editor of the *Chronicle* informed me, "the men who started the war." This

explained the hair powder tax. As for breaking into France and restoring law and order, the editor of the *Chronicle* was of the opinion that with the British empire on the verge of complete ruin, the only hope was (as the electors of Bristol informed His Majesty in another column) "in a speedy, honorable and permanent peace."

That was the sort of a peace His Britannic Majesty did not know how to make on April 29, 1797, when the most reliable news from the front was that the Germans had been driven back by the French in the Rhine campaign and that the Austrians had asked an armistice after being beaten by a previously unknown Corsican, "General Buonaparte."

With a "speedy, honorable and permanent peace" in 1797, "General Buonaparte" would have been "out of business." He might have disappeared from history at once, and in that generation the "civilized world" might have paid off its war debt. But the war debt of the world is not yet paid. No statesman in 1797, or before or since, has ever learned how to make a "speedy, honorable and permanent peace." What they do learn is to invent new "sources of revenue." And what we learn by visiting London in 1797 is, that the hair powder tax did not win the war. Instead, it abolished hair powder.

## American Opinion

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

Milwaukee, Jan. 29, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Herewith I respectfully offer a third installment of opinions upon current events—opinions which may be of interest for the reason that they are very likely held by many old-fashioned Americans. My excuse for offering what I regard as typically American opinions is that in these extraordinary days our public servants no longer seek our opinions: If they are to receive the benefit of our counsel, we must needs thrust it before them in the public prints.

THE RECALL: It may or may not be right and wise for the citizens of St. Louis to attempt to recall Mayor Kiel from his office: it is surprising that nobody has suggested recalling those members of the Missouri legislature who defied and betrayed their employers, the people of Missouri, by endorsing the Federal prohibition amendment shortly after the people of the State had twice emphatically rejected State-wide prohibition. Mayor Kiel merely—if shamefully—out-traded the United Railways Company: in the interest of St. Louis' public treasury directly, in that of St. Louis' heavier taxpayers indirectly. The \$7,500,000 of "mill" tax which the Mayor's trade obligates United Railways to pay into the City treasury during the next twenty years as a levy on its non-existent "franchise values" can, of course, be obtained by the Railways Company nowhere except from its car patrons; it will, of course, afford "relief of rates," as the English say, to the amount of \$7,500,000 during the twenty-year term of the franchises. Judged as a whole, the trade impresses me as being only a variant of the usual formula for passing the cost of living along to the "ultimate consumer"—in this case the street car rider. He pays the \$7,500,000 in extra pennies; the Company collects it; the City gets it; the big taxpayers escape paying it. As a measure of relief from taxation for the very rich, it is not much; but as you know, every little bit helps.

THE COMING PROHIBITION INQUISITION: Prompt, intelligent, concerted action by liberty-loving citizens at Washington and at the several State capitals can perhaps prevent the prohibition lunatics and their Big Business backers from inflicting upon this country the worst of the inquisitorial outrages which they are planning to inflict. The laws under which the Federal amendment is to be enforced are not yet enacted. They are being drafted. The bone-dry madmen purpose if they can to make it a crime for an honorable citizen to possess for his own use wine, beer or any other liquor, which he in good faith and under the protection of his country's constitution and its laws purchased prior to the adoption of the amendment. They purpose to create an irresponsible army of Federal and State spies, informers and constables armed with power of search and seizure, to enter any citizen's home at will, on proof or on suspicion—as has been done heretofore in some of the American commonwealths under State-wide prohibition laws. It is my opinion that in the Federal Congress, and in many of the State legislatures, there is a majority of members who, although they may have voted for the Federal amendment, would now vote for laws to enforce it with some slight regard for the rights of the majority of Americans who are not prohibitionists. The experiment seems to me worth trying. If the prohibition

extremists have their own way unopposed, the laws which they will have enacted will plunge this country into something very like Bolshevism as surely as night follows day.

THE RAILROADS: Apparently the owners of the railroad and telegraph systems are to get them back from the Federal government. The national association of railroad security owners, with singular blindness to their own pocket interest, have demanded it. Probably they were advised, as usual, by their attorneys, their operating managers and others vitally interested in the restoration of company operation. The owners would do well to sell while the selling is good. Deprived of governmental financial support and facing wage and other operating expenses far higher than any ever experienced under company management, the railroads if restored to private control at any time in the near future will go down into bankruptcy like a row of tenpins. Public utility companies regard the steam roads' present position with envy. When a government raises rates to meet risen wages, the public applauds; when a utility company asks a rate commission for permission to do the same thing, for the same reason, the public calls it a robber.

STATE UTILITY RATE COMMISSIONS: A State Public Service Commission composed of politicians and other persons ignorant of public utility operation is preposterous. Every such commission should be composed of one skilled utility engineer, one high class accountant and one first grade lawyer. It should be controlled solely and automatically by the facts, in raising or lowering utility rates. It should command a corps of engineers and accountants large enough to enable it quickly to learn the fair value of all utility systems within its jurisdiction. It should thereafter require each to make sworn monthly reports of earnings and expenditures. Its traveling auditors should at frequent intervals visit, inspect and check up the operations of the utilities—just as bank examiners visit and check up banks. It should be required to regulate not only rates but wages. If public opinion endorses public utility employees' demands for higher pay, it should do so with knowledge that it must itself pay the higher wages in higher rates for the service. Finally, the commission, in possession at 30-day intervals of exact knowledge of utility earnings and expenditures, should, at six months or yearly intervals, readjust rates upward or downward, in slight gradations, to assure investors against loss if net earnings show a tendency to decline; to assure utility customers against too high rates if earnings show a tendency to increase beyond the requirements of the fair yearly return contemplated by the State law. The whole cost of supporting the public service commission should be charged against the utility companies, and by them included in their rates and fares. State rate, service, financial and accounting regulation of the business—if efficient and helpful—is fairly to be included as a part of the cost of the service.

OUR GRASPING ALLIES: The cables bring swift confirmation and elaboration of my recent letter to REEDY'S MIRROR forecasting their desire that this country shall help pay their war debts, besides paying its own. Mark Sullivan, in the current *Collier's*, warns us to look out for a plea that the eight billions of dollars which our government loaned to its allies in the war against the Central Powers shall be regarded not as loans but as gifts. I shall be in favor of this when England recognizes Ireland as a free and sovereign republic; when France quits trying to grab German territory west of the Rhine; when the Allied Powers recognize the right of the Russian masses to establish their own form of government; when our presidential Don Quixote gets wise to the fact that he was hired to work for the United States of America and not to chase illusory phantoms of Utopian peace all over Europe. We Americans may be, as George Bernard Shaw once termed us, "a nation of villagers"; our submission to the bone-dry witch burners seems to prove it; but I question whether we are such utter suckers as to make Great Britain a free gift of the \$4,000,000,000 we loaned her, considering that Great Britain emerges from the war vastly richer and more powerful than when she entered it, and we come out of same with no material gains to show for our eighteen or twenty billions of expenditure. There are times when reading the senatorial debates I feel as if I were reading the proceedings of the British House of Lords. Then Hiram Johnson of California, or one of the few other real Americans in the Senate, takes the floor, and the painful illusion passes. Speaking of Hiram Johnson reminds me that when he was governor of California, and hotly engaged in procuring anti-Japanese legislation out there, I called on him and argued that instead of trying to bar out the Japanese farmers who would enrich California with ample cheap food, he should be trying to prevent any further immigration into California of rich but village-minded persons from the small cities and towns of Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana and the rest of the Middle West. "The Japs," I said, "will produce food. The Yaps won't produce anything, and they will shortly destroy all of California's characteristic charm of gaiety and liberality by voting the state as dry as the inside of a drum." And they have done it, as their kind did it in Missouri, in direct defiance and betrayal of a recent popular mandate against state-wide prohibition.

FRANK PUTNAM.



## Charming Fashions for Spring

There have been so many distinctive, appealing features employed by Dame Fashion this Spring that we find ourselves watching for and expecting the unusual.

Beautiful Frocks of Tricolette, Poiret Twill, Serge Tricotine, Foulard, Taffeta and Satin are shown in a splendid variety of styles.

Practical, stylish frocks for daytime wear form an interesting group. Elaborate braided designs appear on some, while the simple tailored mode of trimming is shown on others. Combinations of the wool fabrics and satin are very good.

One smart model of Tricolette is buttoned down the side back, while the clever, narrow skirt is gathered on the waist with a small frill showing over the heavy silken cord which ties on the side back.

There are models too numerous to mention—each with an individual distinctiveness—and each a Vandervoort Frock.

The prices range upwards from \$35.00.

Costume Salon—Third Floor



*Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney*  
Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

### Letters from the People

#### The C. O.'s and Army Morale

221 East 17th street,  
New York City,  
January 28, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The morning newspaper informs me that the lower house of the Kansas legislature has passed a resolution condemning the action of the War Department in releasing 113 conscientious objectors from prison. The resolution branded the Secretary of War's action as "mischievous, unwise, unpatriotic, un-American and destructive of the morale of every person wearing the uniform of the United States army" and declared it "placed a premium on slack-erism, cowardice and mawkish sentimentality."

I wonder if a greater insult than this could be made against the morale of the United States army? I write as a conscientious objector, released from prison because of a technical error in my court martial, and so no doubt as a prejudiced person; but are we to believe that the American army, which has acquitted itself so nobly in the war, is in reality an army of slaves, dependent for its morale on the thought of what the government would do to the

slacker who refused to fight; or are we expected to believe that the splendid bravery and steadfast enthusiasm of the American soldiers, who fought through the Argonne woods in France, rested in the last analysis on the fact of conscription? Yet that is what the resolution of the lower house of the Kansas legislature implies when it says that the "release of 113 conscientious objectors is destructive of the morale of every person wearing the uniform of the United States army." It implies that the United States army is composed of conscripts in the worst sense of the word, and to say the least that is not very flattering to the youth of America.

Personally I have yet to meet the conscientious objector whose opinion of the morale of the United States army is quite so low as this. It would seem to me that the Kansas legislature is rather too pessimistic about the character of the American soldier or a bit too fearful that the skepticism of some of the objectors about the righteousness of the war is shared by the majority of men in the army.

But if the resolution shows a misunderstanding of the American soldier it shows no less misunderstanding of the conscientious objector. The release of



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the 113 objectors was merely an act of justice according to the ruling of the War Department itself, for those men released were all men who would have taken either non-combatant or farm work under the selective draft. But there still remain over two hundred other objectors in prison.

It is very easy and perhaps not unnatural for the average person, who knows none of the facts, to think of the conscientious objector as a slacker and a coward. When accused of this few of us have ever thought it worth while to deny it, nor do I wish to deny it here except to suggest to the reader that he try to put himself in place of the C. O. and consider which would be easier and on the whole safer—to take non-combatant service or go to prison. It may be that some will never see anything more in the conscientious objector than the slacker spirit. I do not wish to debate that but to say that my experience with conscientious objectors led me to see in them among other splendid things the martyr spirit; and the ques-

tion I would like to ask not from the point of view of "mawkish sentimentality" but from the standpoint of cold reason and common sense is just what is going to be gained by making martyrs of these "slackers."

Most C. O.s would sincerely deny that they took their stand in order to be martyrs—that would be absurd—but I know from personal experience the readiness of the conscientious objector to endure punishment if necessary. The entire history of the brutalities in camps and the solitary confinement of men who would not work in the military prison at Fort Leavenworth is proof of that. Perhaps this spirit is best brought out in the following sentence from a letter, which I have just received from one of the objectors still in prison: "Song long as the state feels that it is necessary to hold me, so long shall I think that there is something to stay for." No state ever has crushed or ever will crush that spirit by methods of coercion or suppression.

Did the execution and imprisonment of Sinn Fein leaders in Ireland check



either the desire or the movement for Irish freedom? Did the suppression of thousands of political objectors to the old Russian autocracy actually keep the inevitable day of reckoning from coming? Are not the pages of history full of the unhappy endings of all governments that persistently imprisoned and suppressed those who held revolutionary views and were loyal to them?

Now that the actual fighting is over and the drafting of men has ceased, the question really facing the government is whether the morale not only of the United States army but of the nation as a whole is going to be best preserved by making martyrs of political prisoners, including conscientious objectors, who are now serving long sentences in prison.

EVAN W. THOMAS.



### A Bone-Dry World Next

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is great news—though to the observing not wholly unexpected—that the American Prohibition Army led by the Anti-Saloon League, is planning to make a "bone-dry" world by 1930. As a people we have a passion for moral perfection, and we just ache to pass it on to others—indeed we would even force it upon them for their good! Now since it seems to be agreed that we have just saved the world for democracy, what more proper than that we should next save it for mediocrity—the kind, especially, that one identifies with the "dry" movement in these United States.

Truly it is to laugh, as the French say—the French, our late comrades-at-arms, who will grin on the wrong side of the mouth when our "dry" army invades their fair land, deluging city, town and country with the literary product of Westerville, Ohio. Alas, poor France! Is there no end to her sorrows? After the desolating, marauding German comes the no less fatal Yankee Prohibitionist with his mad crusade against the glorious wine industry of France. The German war locust, the Yankee "dry" grasshopper: between the two there is small choice indeed—il n'y a pas de choix, voilà!

But what a nerve, if you please, or shall we not rather call it the sublimation of pure gall? A people that has about reached the Fourth Reader stage of culture, without genius or art, tradition or achievement in the higher realms of the mind, to undertake to "save" by Salvation Army methods the most gifted and highly civilized nation of Europe—the home of art, the radiating centre of taste, the nursery of all the rarer forms of human genius! Can you imagine a proposition more gorgeously absurd—one that more colossally certifies our national cheek? It really is quite too deliriously hyperbolic! The country that rejoices in the art of Harold Bell Wright and Amy Lowell sets up to give lessons to the land of Balzac and George Sand!

This might be called the esthetic consideration, and who will say that it is not fraught with extreme horror? But there is also a business side to the monstrous absurdity which will not fail



## The Costume Salon Displays New Frocks

WHAT is new? Scores of things! That is why these new frocks pause but a day or two in the Costume Salon and then are hurried away by women who wear the newest fashions.

A glimpse into the cases of the Salon will show you olive branch foulards, flowered foulards, pussy willows, quilted taffetas, drop-stitch crepes de Chine, chiffon taffetas with openwork braid trimming, draped Kitten's Ear satins, and frocks of tricotine or Poiret twill with waistcoats of Japanese embroidery. Many of the skirts show the spiral drapery, going around and around the figure, giving the effect of being narrow, but being delightfully easy to walk in.

The Special Group of Frocks at

**\$55**

Man-tailored frocks of tricotine or Poiret twill in navy blue and black are for early Spring. Navy blue taffeta frocks and crepes de Chine in the new shade—cafe au lait—are included in this group. Also some beautiful frocks of Georgette crepe in white and the delicate sweet-pea shades, beaded in crystal or milk-white beads.

Third Floor.

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# The Costume Salon Presents New Spring Frocks

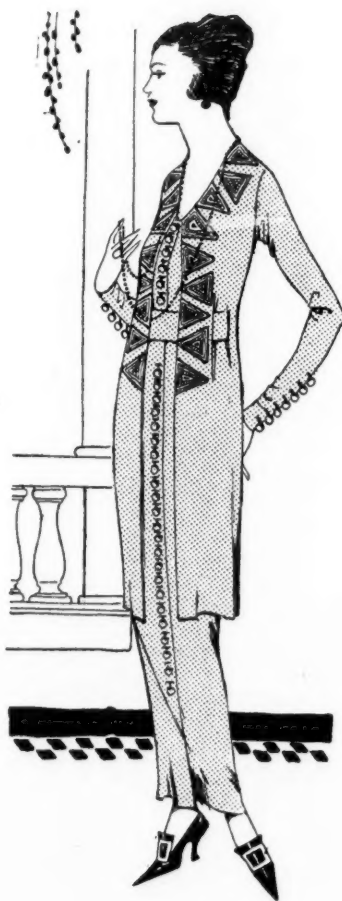
¶ The awakening of the Spring modes is awaited in many of the fashion centers of St. Louis by the announcement from our Costume Salon. Women realize the authenticity of the modes presented here. They are arriving daily now. Each morning, some new distinctive frock is lifted out of its tissue wrapping and soon becomes the center of an interested throng of fashion devotees. The arrivals now include:

*Lovely tailored frocks for street wear—of Tricotine, Serge, Poirer Twill and Jersey. Afternoon frocks of Satin, Kitten's Ear Crepe, Tricolette and Paulette.*

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to strike the French—the keenest economists in the world, as we are the most prodigal wasters. We shall have to convince them that they don't know their true interest, even commercially, and persuade them to abolish the wine culture which has been the wealth and glory of France during many centuries. "It sure is some contract," as we say in our elegant Attic, but there is no thought of anything but success among the undaunted rank-and-file of the Anti-Saloon League, all continued in their jobs for the new, world-wide Crusade. Art, Glory, Genius, Beauty and all that sort of "dope" must crumple up and pass away before the withering flame

of Prohibition truth that will soon scorch across the world from Westerville, Ohio.

In view of the sure and speedy capitulation of Europe to this great moral assault, would it not be proper to take down Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty from its proud pedestal in the New York Harbor, and set up instead an effigy of the conquering Prohibitionist, a copy of the Declaration of Westerville in his hand, and a bottle of "reënforced" patent medicine bulging shyly in his "safety" pocket?

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

New Canaan, Conn.,  
January 27, 1919.

### The Rhymes in Horace

Kenilworth, Illinois, Feb. 1, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The articles of Mr. Byars, and the recent one of John B. Quinn have interested me very deeply, in connection with what Miss Lowell has dubbed "polyphonic prose." I have only a sketchy idea of Latin, but enjoy reading Horace for its sonorousness (with the dictionary beside me). I do not quite see how Mr. Quinn can claim actual rhyme for the XXXVIII ode. To my ear it bears only a strong interior assonance and one possible end-rhyme. As I understand Mr. Byars' contention, it

may be illustrated thus (but I would disarm criticism of the example either as translation or verse, by saying that I have cudgelled my brain for like-sounding words that would approach the meaning in order to increase the assonance, or interior rhyme). I have tried to use the consonants n and d, with the vowel e in every possible combination.

*Boy, I hate the Persian ways, their splendid*

*Bounden wreaths of linden much offend me.*

*End your searching in their hidden places  
Late-bending roses!*

*The unpretending myrtle seek, not spending*

*Too much care, for while you thus attend me*

*It misbecomes nor you nor me, now drinking.*

*In dense-shaded arbor.*

Here, to my notion, is only one actual rhyme, "offend me" and "attend me" corresponding broadly to "*locorum*" and "*ministrum*," if we concede these latter to be rhymes in the original. But if I understand Mr. Byars, every syllable that I have underscored would be a rhyme, and if, as the Oxford dictionary says, assonance is merely the similarity in vowel sounds, not of consonants, then similarity of vowels and consonants must either be rhyme, or have a new technical definition for this thing, which is perhaps more than assonance, but less than rhyme.

ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER.

### St. Jerome and Horace

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have just read an essay by Watts-Dunton in which he calls the Hundred and Fourth Psalm the greatest of all "nature-poems." It is numbered as the Hundred and Third in the Vulgate. In the article, "The Return of the Immortals" I wrote for REEDY'S MIRROR, I recommended those who wished to realize St. Jerome's greatness as an artist to focus on the second Epode of Horace, reading it by the rules of Latin syntax and Latin quantity, and by its iambic scale, until they were fully aware of its nature as a poem in the Latin language, controlled by fluent and continuous rhyme. And after this, to begin on one of St. Jerome's translations of the Psalms.

This epode is Horace's longest "nature-poem." Those who master its syntax and appreciate its art will be ready for the incomparably greater poetry of the Hundred and Third Psalm, as St. Jerome translates it, controlling it throughout by the same art in using fluent and continuous rhyme, which appears throughout the verse of Horace. As the ability to read Latin poetry "quantitatively" must begin with learning to spell quantitatively, the laws of this spelling are given in every Latin prosody. Those who use them in learning to spell and read these two poems will be richly rewarded.

I congratulate REEDY'S MIRROR on Mr. John B. Quinn's article, and I congratulate Mr. Quinn on his use of the best English metres in translating Horace.



The "polyphonic prose" he quotes illustrates the danger of writing Latin syntax into English. Our reading of Latin is false syntax throughout, as we read with the automatic habits of modern languages. So of attempting to write Latin syntax into the English language. It becomes false syntax throughout.

*"Non enim, quod volo, bonum, hoc ago, Sed, quod odi, malum,—illud facio."*

W. V. BYARS.

### The Jobbing of Mooney

San Francisco, Jan. 31, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

That Honolulu lawyer who wrote you he'd found nobody in San Francisco who didn't believe Tom Mooney was guilty must have put up at a hoity-toity club. There are plenty of people who think Mooney is innocent. Their opinion is, of course, like that of their opponents, chiefly the result of unconscious class consciousness.

But the important point is that the issue is not a matter of division of opinion. Nobody proposes to decide it by a vote—not on the question itself.

I followed the case from the hour of the explosion. It smelled bad at the beginning and by the time the machinery began to work it stank to heaven.

Billings was convicted by the effect of a rough-neck Star-Spangled-Banner appeal of the prosecution at the last minute. People familiar with trials hadn't looked for conviction. "Send Billings up for life and we'll get a confession out of him," was the meaning of the prosecution's final speech. The jury sent him up as requested. He's been in prison about two years. He hasn't confessed. Another factor in this case was that it was a professional jury, composed largely of worn-outs and hangers-on whose continued income from jury service fees depends largely on subservience to the prosecutor's office. The case was so obvious in this respect that a crusade against the system shortly after the conviction actually got the backing of respectable people, including even two superior court judges. And the bomb defense at that time was far from respectable, as the word indicates alliance with people who have more than a nickel to their name.

The circumstances of Mooney's conviction are pretty well known by now to everybody who's ready to take more than the casual impressions of lawyers or Honolulu visitors who meander within the circles of their own class.

They never introduced Oxman as a witness after he'd been shown up. Why not? Without him other cases in the bomb trials fell to pieces. And that doesn't take into consideration the Edeau women, the "hophead" witness and several others.

If Mooney's guilty, hang him. But don't hang him on prejudice or past sabotage. Don't hang him on framed-up testimony. If the prosecution has the goods, let it deliver them. Mooney's still in prison because we have a shilly-shallying governor who is as much at home walking the fence as Blondin. The issue has been begged.

Meanwhile, the prosecution's coat having been cut to fit the cloth; there's about as much chance of finding out

who did the bombing as of resurrecting Rameses.

And the conservatives and reactionaries wonder why radicalism is growing. If they are the defendants, what happens? Case quashed; witness Bisbee. If they are law-and-order (special law and blackjack order), are they so ingenuous as really to wonder if the other side fights back, as it's fighting for Mooney?

The Mooney case has advanced the radical movement throughout the world by several years. You can't prate of the supremacy of our democracy, and get away with it, when there are object lessons like this.

My signature shows why it isn't my name.

NEWSPAPERMAN.

### Who Knows this Wicked Poem?

Montreal, Canada, Jan. 28, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I want to find a poem entitled, if I remember aright, "The Bummers of Old Jerusalem." It begins:

In ancient days it came to pass  
St. Peter and St. Paul, alas,  
Each mounted upon an ass,  
Went bumming 'round Jerusalem.

They stopped at taverns great, small,  
First Peter treated, then St. Paul,  
Till from their asses they did fall,  
These bummers of Jerusalem.

It is then narrated that these two agreed to "shake the box for the drinks." Peter threw eighteen. Much to his surprise, Paul "saw" him by turning out nineteen. Whereupon Peter announced:

"Sacre bleu!  
We want no miracles from you,  
You fraud of old Jerusalem."

It seems also that a miracle was wrought in the matter of keeping the stein full. Either one of the celebrators made some passes over the mug, and the more that was taken from it the more remained. Not only that, but when the rounders called for something to eat at a tavern, the landlord put forth both beef and mutton. Again the miraculous powers of the rounders were called into requisition. The day was Friday. A few passes were made and the meat became salmon. Here I get confused, but I recall the last verse, thus:

And when at last their cash was spent,  
Each unto his hashhouse went,  
And they didn't come out till after Lent,  
To bum around Jerusalem.

Surely some reformed wassailer who reads REEDY'S MIRROR for his soul's good must have this lyric masterpiece in his memory or his scrap book and be willing to give a copy to

CANUCK.

### For a Choate Biography

New York, January 25, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

At the request of Mrs. Choate I am engaged upon the biography of Joseph Hodges Choate.

I shall be obliged, and so will Mr.

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Choate's family, if you will give notice that friends who have letters from him, which they would be willing to entrust to me for my information or for publication, are invited to send them to me in care of Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth avenue, New York.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

## The Kaiser's Barber

By Lord Dunsany

AMERONGEN, January 31.—The former German emperor's barber returned to Berlin today, his services being no longer required, Count William Hohenzollern having definitely decided to wear a full beard always. Two other personal attendants accompanied him homeward.

The above associated press item will doubtless send many who read it to that chapter in Lord Dunsany's "Tales of War" (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), entitled "An Investigation Into the Causes and Origin of the War." Here it is, and it is a delicious taste of a volume that is, so far, the only work of real literature in prose that the war has brought forth in English. It is copyrighted by Little, Brown & Co.

The German imperial barber has been called up. He must have been called up quite early in the war. I have seen photographs in papers that leave no doubt of that. Who he is I do not know; I once read his name in an article, but have forgotten it; few even know if he still lives. And yet what harm he has done! What vast evils he has unwittingly originated! Many years ago he invented a frivolity, a *jeu d'esprit* easily forgivable to an artist in the heyday of his youth, to whom his art was new and even perhaps wonderful. A craft, of course, rather than an art, and a humble craft at that; but then, the

man was young, and what will not seem wonderful to youth?

He must have taken the craft very seriously, but as youth takes things seriously, fantastically and with laughter. He must have determined to outshine rivals; he must have gone away and thought, burning candles late perhaps, when all the palace was still. But how can youth think seriously? And there had come to him this absurd, this fantastical conceit. What else would have come? The more seriously he took the tonsorial art, the more he studied its tricks and phrases and heard old barbers lecture, the more sure were the imps of youth to prompt him to laughter and urge him to something outrageous and ridiculous. The background of the dull pomp of Potsdam must have made all this more certain. It was bound to come.

And so one day, or, as I have suggested, suddenly, late one night, there came to the young artist bending over tonsorial books that quaint, mad, odd, preposterous inspiration. Ah, what pleasure there is in the madness of youth; it is not like the madness of age, clinging to outworn formulae; it is the madness of breaking away, of galloping among precipices, of dallying with the impossible, of courting the absurd. And this inspiration, it was in none of the books; the lecturer barbers had not lectured on it, could not dream of it and did not dare to; there was no tradition for it, no precedent; it was mad, and to introduce it into the pomp of Potsdam, that was the daring of madness. And this preposterous inspiration of the absurd young barber-madman was nothing less than a moustache that without any curve at all, or any suggestion of sanity, should go suddenly up at the ends very nearly as high as the eyes!

He must have told his young fellow



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craftsmen first, for youth goes first to youth with its hallucinations. And they, what could they have said? You cannot say of madness that it is mad, you

cannot call absurdity absurd. To have criticized would have revealed jealousy; and as for praise, you could not praise a thing like that. They probably

shrugged, made gestures; and perhaps one friend warned him. But you cannot warn a man against a madness; if the madness is in possession it will not be warned away; why should it? And then perhaps he went to the old barbers of the court. You can picture their anger. Age does not learn from youth in any case. But there was the insult to their ancient craft, bad enough if only imagined, but here openly spoken of. And what would come of it? They must have feared, on the one hand, dishonour to their craft if this young barber were treated as his levity deserved; and, on the other hand, could they have feared his success? I think they could not have guessed it.

And then the young idiot with his preposterous inspiration must have looked about to see where he could practise his new absurdity. It should have been enough to have talked about it among his fellow barbers; they would have gone with new zest to their work next day for this delirious interlude, and no harm would have been done. "Fritz," (or Hans) they would have said, "was a bit on last night, a bit full up," or whatever phrase they use to touch on drunkenness; and the thing would have been forgotten. We all have our fancies. But this young fool wanted to get his fancy mixed up with practice; that's where he was mad. And in Potsdam, of all places.

He probably tried his friends first, young barbers at the court and others of his own standing. None of them were fools enough to be seen going about like that. They had jobs to lose. A court barber is one thing, a man who cuts ordinary hair is quite another. Why should they become outcasts because their friend chose to be mad?

He probably tried his inferiors then, but they would have been timid folk; they must have seen the thing was absurd, and of course dared not risk it. Again, why should they?

Did he try to get some noble then to patronize his invention? Probably the first refusals he had soon inflamed his madness more, and he threw caution insanely to the winds and went straight to the emperor.

It was probably about the time that the emperor dismissed Bismarck; certainly the drawings of that time show him still with a sane moustache.

The young barber probably chanced on him in this period, finding him bereft of an adviser, and ready to be swayed by whatever whim should come. Perhaps he was attracted by the barber's hardihood, perhaps the absurdity of his inspiration had some fascination for him, perhaps he merely saw that the thing was new and, feeling jaded, let the barber have his way. And so the frivolity became a fact, the absurdity became visible and honour and riches came the way of the barber.

A small thing, you might say, however fantastical. And yet I believe the absurdity of that barber to be among the great evils that have brought death nearer to man; whimsical and farcical as it was, yet a thing deadlier than Helen's beauty or Tamerlane's love of skulls. For just as character is outwardly shown so outward things react upon the character; and who, with that daring

barber's ludicrous fancy visible always on his face, could quite go the sober way of beneficent monarchs? The fantasy must be mitigated here, set off there; had you such a figure to dress, say for amateur theatricals, you would realize the difficulty. The heavy silver eagle to balance it; the glittering cuirass lower down, preventing the eye from dwelling too long on the barber's absurdity. And then the pose to go with the cuirass and to carry off the wild conceit of that mad, mad barber. He has much to answer for, that eccentric man whose name so few remember. For pose led to actions; and just when Europe most needed a man of wise counsels, restraining the passions of great empires, just then she had ruling over Germany and, unhappily, dominating Austria, a man who every year grew more akin to the folly of that silly barber's youthful inspiration.

Let us forgive the barber. For long I have known from pictures that I have seen of the kaiser that he has gone to the trenches. Probably he is dead. Let us forgive the barber. But let us bear in mind that the futile fancies of youth may be deadly things, and that one of them falling on a fickle mind may so stir its shallows as to urge it to disturb and set in motion the avalanches of illimitable grief.

♦♦♦

## Marts and Money

Although latest developments on the Wall street exchange brought additional profits to depressionistic factions, it was plain enough to competent observers that the forces of liquidation had about spent themselves in numerous prominent quarters. Stocks known as "specialties" were given considerable attention, just as they always are towards the culmination of either a bear or bull movement. New York Air Brake, for instance, shows a fall of twelve points. Its present price of 93½ is the lowest for several years. In 1916, sales were made at 186. It is believed that the dividend of 20 per cent per annum will have to be cut in the near future. This stock has never been popular with the public and its vagarious gyrations are therefore devoid of particular interest or significance. A like conclusion may be formed relative to the antics of Ohio Cities Gas in the last few days, the quotation for which lost several points upon reports that the directors had resolved to issue \$9,187,500 additional stock, to which common shareholders, of record February 15, will have the right to subscribe to the extent of one-fourth of their holdings on that date. Since incorporation in 1914, the company has enlarged its capitalization quite generously by declaring stock dividends, a device which is now regarded with severe disapproval by intelligent, progressive opinion. Ohio C. G. was as high as 143½ in 1917. Its present price is 37. Owing, in part, to the repeated slashing of ocean freight rates, International Mercantile Marine preferred has dropped from 102½ to 95½. The volume of business in this stock shows remarkable expansion. Evidently, many of those speculators who had greedily bought at 120 to 125½ in 1918 have at last been constrained to



take their losses. Talk that the reductions should have substantially helpful effects on the earnings of the company has thus far been treated rather contemptuously on the exchange. This, for the reason, probably, that at 95½ the stock still denotes a gain of twelve points when compared with the minimum set in 1918. I. M. M. common is rated at 22. There's grave doubt among the knowing ones whether this stock should be considered cheap at 10. It's merely a gambler's pawn at this time. There yet is 67 per cent in unpaid dividends due on the \$51,000,000 preferred outstanding, on which the 6 per cent has been paid since April, 1917. Steel common is quoted at 89½, a figure implying a decline of about two points. The relative steadiness of this stock in the past few days reflects the widely prevalent opinion that the setback in the steel trade has been amply discounted in Wall street. This view is somewhat countenanced by hopeful statements on the part of the *Iron Age*, which finds comfort in marine freight rate reductions, in extensive strikes in England, and in the fact that the corporation's net earnings for December were but slightly less than those for November. The same authority reminds us that the net receipts were only \$1,687,150 in January, 1915, that they rose to \$30,508,709 in June, 1917, and that in the last month of 1918 they had fallen back to \$10,834,832, after tax allowances. The bear crowd, it must be admitted, has revealed singular lack of spirit in its latest assaults on Steel common, that is, since Chairman Gary fixed the selling price to employees at 92. Brooklyn Rapid Transit has fallen to 18½. It sold at 82 in 1917. The federal district court in New York has signed orders which will remove the danger of the company's securities being thrown on the market by financial institutions which have advanced large sums of money on them. The receivership has proved a calamitous blow to the thousands of investors who had purchased the stock on account of the 6 per cent dividend, which had been established in 1914. Receiver Lindley M. Garrison, while explaining things to the court, remarked "that the Brooklyn R. T. Company has no excuse for existence if it does not properly serve the public." Words such as these indicate the far-reaching or revolutionary change in public opinion concerning street railway and all other public utility corporations. You remember what the late W. H. Vanderbilt said on one occasion, don't you? The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. has announced that stockholders are expected on March 11 to authorize an increase of \$75,000,000 in indebtedness, the funds to cover present and future requirements and to reimburse the government for additions, improvements and equipment, expenditures chargeable to the company. The Southern Railroad Co. is reported to have sold an issue of \$25,000,000 three-year 6 per cent notes to a Chicago syndicate. It is said that public subscriptions will be invited at 98½ and interest. J. P. Morgan & Co., we are told, had submitted a bid of 97, which was turned down by the director-general at Washington. Outstanding Southern Railway bonds and shares were not damaged by the new financing. The quoted values of all railroad securities

are favorably affected by discussions at Washington in respect to new legislation dealing with the transportation problem. Profound pleasure is voiced about the recommendations of the commerce commission and of the railway executives, and of the association of security owners. Current prices of Liberty bonds indicate a net return of 4½ per cent. As a result, Wall street leans to the opinion that the interest on the \$5,000,000 Victory bonds will be made 4½ or 4¾ per cent. I would suggest a three-year 4¾ per cent loan.

#### Finance in St. Louis

There's not much to report respecting dealings on the local exchange. Prices are quite steady or firm in representative cases, as a consequence of the incipient revival in speculative inquiry, which has brought about such notable demonstrations as have occurred in Candy common and Hydraulic-Press Brick issues since the close of 1918. The increasing firmness of prices of first-class bank shares is an interesting sign that considerable improvement is looked for in that quarter of the market.

#### Latest Quotations

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Mechanics-Am. Nat.....	241	.....
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do pfd.....	14 ½	15
do 4s.....	49 ¾	50 ½
K. C. Home Tel. 5s.....	.....	89
do 5s (\$500).....	89	.....
Carleton D. G. pfd.....	98 ½	.....
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Hydraulic P. Brk.....	5	5 ½
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#### Answers to Inquiries

**SMALL INVESTOR, St. Louis.**—Cresson Gold Mining stock is priced at 4¾. You should not buy it except for a speculation. Such things cannot be considered investments. Production in the Cripple Creek district is steadily declining, and the values of the stocks move accordingly. Don't be deceived by occasional advances of a point or two. Cresson insiders were heavy sellers when the price was above \$8 a share.

**M. B. J., Bloomington, Ill.**—It will be advisable for you to hold Sinclair Oil, now quoted at 35, and to make additional purchase at 29 or 30. There have been no signs of large liquidations in recent weeks. A break to 25 would come only in case of general demoralization. Early resumption of dividends not likely though.

**L. R., Norfolk, Nebr.**—Should Anaconda Copper decline to 52, you would not be indiscreet if you decided to buy another certificate. Stock not likely to fall much below that price. Another cut in the dividend, to 5 per cent, would be about discounted at 52. Prefer Anaconda to Utah.

**C. R. F., St. Louis.**—It has been authoritatively reported that the floating indebtedness of the Cuban Cane Sugar corporation has been increased two-thirds since the publication of the latest annual report. Also a \$25,000,000 bond issue is contemplated. Correlate these two statements and think twice before putting more money into it now. (2) Outlook for business and dividends is excellent for the Atlantic Gulf & W. I. The recent reduction in shipping rates between Gulf ports and Europe did not

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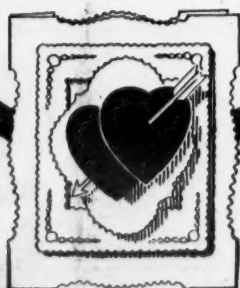
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